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Letter from Anne Whitney, Belmont, Massachusetts, to Adeline Manning, 1880 September 12

Anne Whitney

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Belmont - Sunday 12th Sept.

Did I in my last - to you speak
of the little birth-day note I
was so happy to get? My doubt
arises from the fact - that I wrote
three two notes to you at that
time & for certain reasons un-
important or forgotten - & destroyed
one, & it may have been the
one in which your favor was
acknowledged.

I trust your view of Aunt's
condition was correct - & that
a change of some sort - was about
to take place - Most happy
for all if this might be! If
however you were mistaken &
the promise continues of an
indefinite prolongation of this
state of things - then - I think
there is a duty to the living &
to who have life & its interests
before them as imperative as
that to the sick - I know as
well as if you had written it
out - that that week of excluding
that life its interests upon
your organization & that you

needed at once where ^{had} the
full relief of change of place
& occupation. Perhaps those
you upon this subject & far
from away from this pres-
entation of it ^{by me} as a matter
on which I cannot judge -
& perhaps - if so - you are
right. I will be still.

The Slaves have built a
carnage house or shed, which
held out such a tempting bait-
done, along with their desire
that I should take possession
of it - as a studio, that I have
done so. For the last 10 days
or more. I have felt that I
should only be uneasy & unfit
for work to find myself in town
while Sarah was confined all
day with Mother & while the
likelihood was that she would
need what counsel or mental
support there might be of in
the calmness of my accessibility.
So for the last few days, having
transported Clay & other material
from Boston. I have worked in
said shed. & come home at 3

Dorner - & Sarah is free to
go out - & walk in the afternoon.
I freedom that to my joy & relief
she avails herself of. & when
mother objects as has been her
wont to her going out one P.M.,
I was pleased to hear I reply. I
must go out - it is for my health.
Thus you see the Amherst-lark
did her good. Her better condition
there had another reason than
simple change of air or freedom
from care - it was out - from
life. It had an excellent
Coadjutor below in Howard Clark
who is so generous one would think
he had no other object in life
than to serve one. This move-
is you must know a temporary
one & I shall go down when
it is best. For I no longer
anticipate any sudden falling
off at another. & tho her decline
is certain I have no reason
to think it will be more rapid
than it has been - her wonderful
vitality - building me up by work - &
fighting the destroyer to the last.

This is such a day
of Beauty - loaded with Ben-
ediction!
The other night I had a painful
dream (I had not eaten since
dinner) & about 7 am. I saw
you - you passed me without

speaking but knowing a severe
& a very interesting to stop looked
back at me but did not resist.
I said - A good stop or I shall
drop dead - & then I woke moan-
ing - my anguish being too much
for me. Present - This too bad?
& how could I have come
such a ~~thing~~ dream of you -
my daily thoughts being such
as they are? But let us
accept the notion that the
brain sleeps & wakes in spots
& then we see how the vital
fluid in its track along the
lines of least resistance found
my enemy's door shut & Jovis
open & the Medusa frown
that belonged to him (her) came
into juxtaposition with the thought
of you. This thought has further
relations - as for instance - in
this semi-dreaming position of
ours how likely it is that we may
be simply the victims of fallacies
of our own minds - of errors of
juxtaposition - an association
of ideas rising upon us in a weakened
state & making much of itself.
Alas - that we have no longer
divine grace to help us at a pinch
but must by toil of heart & hand
& studious arrangement of light
to see things as they are, arrive

at a purpose which is only a
state of unstable Equilibrium.
This is Life - Fight - all
Fight. But there are moments
when the Gods establish a self-
less intercourse with us - &
we breathe. But when the toll
over bears the compensation then
life slowly gives way.

Next Friday is to be a festival
of the first magnitude in India.
It will be a no net to open
92 - as our procession passes thro.
the r. et. If a place offers
some of us may go in to see
the show.

A letter last week from Mrs.
Child who is meaning not to come
to Boston for the winter any more -
her lodgings being too distasteful to her. She
says she shall try for board in a quiet
way (family) - I suppose in Maryland
as she gives no place. Her rheumatism
& her deafness are the reasons assigned
for shutting herself away from her
friends - I am very sorry; but know
not how to help it. Am sure that
nothing I could say would weigh against
any deliberate plan or decision of hers.

I am very glad you like Leonor
O. She will be a comfort I hope to
you all.

Our smoke-bushes have blossomed
a second time. The color is very rich.

The grass also is very green - After
the Morning Church service when the
folk came home - Mother & I who
were seated among the most fragrant
pines - stepped into the vehicle &
rode a spell - Certainly an delicious
noon - if this is not Summer - is a
thing unexpressed - The shadows
among the leaves & along the road seem
sweet so much - I will not idly wish
that you were here - but surely
before long the lovely season will
be crowned with your coming - before
the grey succeeds the glory - & thus I
pray -

You will tell me all about
yourself - & the others too - Your
Aunt, Mr. Mother - &c. Have you
been again in Correspondence with
Ahlborn? For your sake may there
be no more hot weather - Doubtless
today is warm in Brooklyn - here
it is tempered with an east wind -
which adds to its beauty too -
Yours own & ever your own -